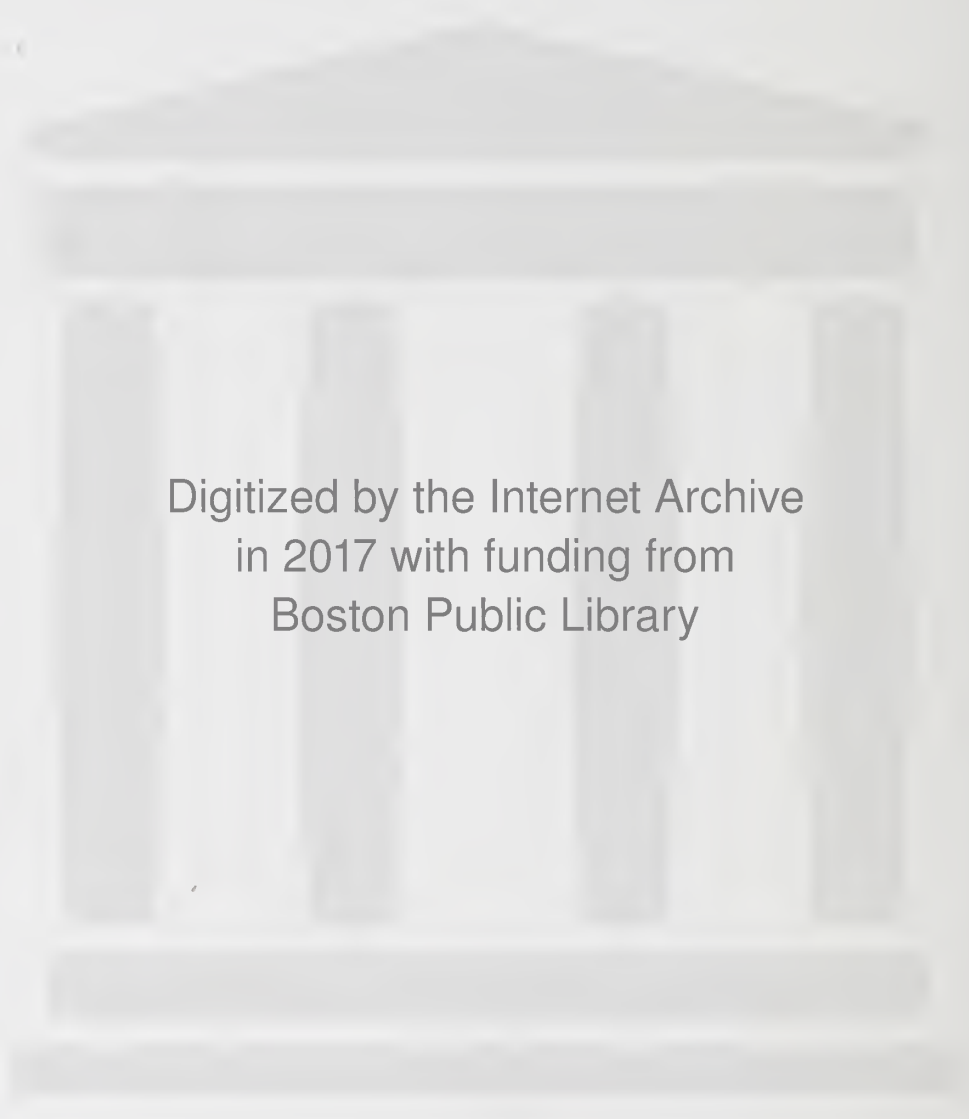


THE
Latin School
Register



BOSTON LATIN SCHOOL
OCTOBER, NINETEEN HUNDRED AND SIX
VOLUME XXVI. NO. 2



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THE REGISTER

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GLOVES MAY BE RIGHT
AND NOT BE FOWNES
BUT THEY CAN'T BE

FOWNES

AND NOT BE RIGHT

Latin School Register

VOLUME XXVI., No. 2.

OCTOBER, 1906.

ISSUED MONTHLY

THE ROADSTER'S RACE

ROGER Sherwood, ever since he was strong enough to handle the reins, had been an expert at driving horses, and, like anyone who can drive at all, he loved to hold the reins behind a good horse. He had kept a stable of about a dozen horses, all thoroughbreds, for he had all the money he wanted, and, as he sometimes told his friends, even more. He won prizes at nearly every show in which his horses were entered, either from the fine points of the horses themselves or from his driving. His four-in-hand was said to be one of the best in the state, and his driving was perhaps the best.

But two years ago a change came over him. He sold all but three of his horses, installing in their place a big imported "red devil." The machine was brought up by a young fellow with a dirty leather jacket and goggles that covered nearly his whole face. This young fellow remained at Sherwood's place until he had taught him all the tricks that the *spark* might be up to, and all the ins and outs of the *difference*. Then he went off, leaving poor Roger to discover the rest of its tricks alone.

The first day that he had the courage to tackle it alone, he went out and rode around for a couple of hours without a particle of trouble. The next day he started out to show a young lady friend of his that he was just as good as Joe Pembroke, or even better. Roger had no trouble that afternoon except that he got so interested in Miss King that he ran over a couple of dogs and took a piece out of a telegraph pole.

Joe Pembroke was another young man of Pinkerton who was as deeply interested in Miss King as Roger was. Joe had a small runabout, or roadster, as they are more properly called. He was an expert at driving it, and that was probably the reason why Sherwood bought his machine.

The spring after Roger bought his imported machine, he saw a notice that there would be a race for roadsters for a large stake at a meeting in about two months. This gave him an idea. So he hunted up Pembroke and showed him the notice.

"Well," said Pembroke, "what of it?"

"Why, I didn't know but we could enter and have a race, the man who won to get—you know," Roger replied.

"You haven't a roadster, have you?" asked Joe.

"No. But I have been thinking of getting one for quite a while," Sherwood cheerfully lied, for he had not thought of having one until half an hour before.

"All right," Pembroke replied, "I think I will get a new one, too. Mine is two years old now, and I have run it a good deal with mighty little care, so that it will be breaking down some time, I am afraid."

Roger was a great fellow to have sudden ideas strike him, and one came to him then.

"What do you say, Joe, to getting two machines just alike, same make, and same model? You race in one of them and I in the other. That will certainly make it a fair race."

"That's not a bad idea," Joe replied,

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"but how are we going to get her to take the man who wins? She apparently doesn't care a hang which one she has. She has thrown us both down. I bet she is trying to work us for what she can get out of us."

"Oh, no, she isn't, Joe. We will have to agree that the one who is beaten will withdraw and leave the field to the other. Besides, she knows a thing or two about automobiles herself, and will recognize a good driver."

"Yes," Pembroke mournfully replied, "that may be all right, but how can we let her know of our intentions without hurting her feelings. She will have to agree to it anyway, because she will have to take the winner or none if the other retires gracefully."

After more talk they sent a note to Alice, telling her that since they couldn't agree as to which should have the first chance to risk being thrown down, they were going to decide it at an automobile race. Then they sent in their orders for the latest models, accompanied by cash to hurry them along.

Either the company was not rushed for business or their checks had the desired effect, because Joe and Roger, in a little over a month, received two machines, so nearly alike that they could not be told apart except for their license number. It was rainy for several days after the roadsters arrived, so that when the two got out to get used to their machines they had just three weeks before the race.

On the morning of the race, Roger found himself nervous and excited, but Joe appeared to be as calm as though nothing unusual was

going to happen. Roger's excitement increased when he learned that his was to be the last race of the day, with eight starters, and ten miles of it, too! He almost wished he had never thought of it, but when he saw Joe laughing and joking, his nerves became steadier, until, when he stepped into his car ready for the race, he was even calmer than Joe. They were given their places, Roger being third from the pole and Joe next to him. At the starter's pistol, Joe got away first, with Roger next, and a big fifty horse-power machine third. On the back stretch the fifty horse machine slipped into first place, and stayed there for nine laps. Joe and Roger were having a hard race for second place; first one would be ahead and then the other. In this way they went until the home stretch of the last lap. The big machine reached the corner first, with Joe close behind and Roger some distance away. Joe was gradually overtaking the machine ahead of him on the corner until the big one cut across ahead of him and started up the home stretch, with Joe outside of it and Roger inside some distance behind. About half-way to the finish a tire on the leading machine burst. It started for the fence but turned back until it reached the centre of the track, where it overturned, throwing the driver out right in front of Joe's machine. Joe now had either to run over the man and win the girl, or go around the man and lose the race. His duty was clear, would he do it? Shutting his eyes, he turned aside, while Roger went sailing on to the finish.

J. H. K., '07.

Of 600 in the freshman class last year at Harvard, only two received the highest mark, A, in required English. One was J. B. Worcester, B. L. S. 1905, an honor scholar here, editor of the REGISTER.

R. E. Kiran, ex-'04, has just graduated from Annapolis and has received an appointment on the "Alabama."

Captain—Get aboard quick.

Passenger—What'll I do with it?

THE GAME THEY PLAYED AT KERSBERG

“PLAY!”

It was the referee's voice, and the annual foot-ball game between Kersburg Academy and Hampton Military School had begun. A short half-hour before, two distinct groups of heavily clad figures had trotted into view of the cheering spectators. The usual preliminary practice of formations and signals had been run through, and then each team had lined up awaiting that familiar whistle which had come at last.

Carney, of Hampton, met the ball squarely on the kick-off, and the pigskin sailed down the field until at last it settled comfortably in the arms of Kelly, of Kersburg, who, with his team-mates before and around him, rushed forward to be downed on his forty-five yard line. It was a good run and the followers of Kersburg warmed up to the occasion. Three end runs and Hampton Military School had the ball on their opponents' forty-eight yard line. And so the game went on.

One eleven would carry the ball well down the field, only to lose it on downs. In fact, in weight and agility they were well matched. However, as the time flew quickly by, Kersburg weakened slightly, yet visibly, and her supporters watched breathlessly as the blue line tore through the red for gains, now long, now short. Yes, nearer and nearer the Kersburg's goal approached the struggling mass. With but five yards between them and a touchdown, Hampton hopes ran high. First down, three yards to gain! Second, two yards to gain! Again the ball was snapped back and the red line struggled against the blue in vain. Joyce carried the ball over easily, and failed in a try for the goal. But Hampton had scored!

Quickly the teams formed for the kick-off. “Brace up, fellows,” were Captain Bicknell's words as he hastened to his place, “play hard,

for the game is young.” Again Carney booted the ball well down the field to be caught neatly by Wright, who ran, with an excellent interference, to the military school's fifty-yard line. That certainly was a good start and when Bicknell on the next play made a quarterback run, for fifteen yards, the rooters went wild. The next ten yards were made in two downs and the ball lay on Hampton's twenty-five yard line. But grand playing cannot last forever, and Kersburg, after gaining another ten yards, lost the ball on a fumble. Gallantly the red line hurled back their opponents for a loss of five yards and but ten yards away loomed the goal-posts against the gray-blue sky. The tension was well nigh unbearable as Honson gave the next signals, “a-14-16-3,” and then the ball was snapped back.

Clark, at right tackle, saw the ball passed to the waiting arms of Beals, the opposing left half-back, and he rushed desperately at him. It was do or die! Around both men was a mass of struggling players. Clark set his teeth and a wicked thought entered his head. With bent shoulders and clenched fists he charged his man. There was a shock, a fall, and the limp form of Beals lay prostrate on the ground. Quickly stooping, Clark grasped the ball from the fallen player and madly threw himself over the white line beneath the goal-posts. Then the whistle blew.

The crowd cheered, and cheered again, but suddenly paused. A silent group had surrounded a prostrate form. A tall, dark man with a satchel in his hand had forced his way through the crowd and had knelt beside the injured man. All this Clark saw, and he coughed nervously. Suddenly a hand was laid upon his shoulder. He turned quickly to face the grave countenance of Captain Bicknell; then asked:

“What is the matter?”

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"Clark," was the solemn answer, "I thought Kersburg always played fair. I know it is the first time you have ever attempted such a thing and I hope that it may be the last." The stalwart right tackle of Kersburg Academy shifted his position, and winced visibly.

"So you saw it all," he said in a low voice.

"Yes, I alone, happened to see it all. You lost your head, Clark. You know that you struck him, and struck hard."

Clark cleared his throat, and then whispered hoarsely, "Yes, Bicknell, I lost my head. All I thought of was the goal, to place the ball behind it at any cost. We were losing and, —"

"And you are sorry?"

"Yes, and, —"

"And though we cannot take back the blow we can at least not take the touchdown as ours. The half is over. Your play was not noticed to all appearances, except by me. There is but one thing to do."

"And that is?"

"That we see the umpire and give him our decision. Will you do it?" Clark hesitated a moment and then turned on his heel:

"Yes, and now," he said. So the two fellows, approaching the umpire, motioned him to them. "Have you given your decision as to that last play, sir?" they asked.

"Why so? It is needless. It was clearly a touchdown from a fumble."

"Well, it does *not* count. This boy confesses that in the excitement of the moment, he lost his head and obtained the ball by striking his opponent," said Bicknell.

The umpire glanced up, surprised; "When fellows do that sort of thing, they don't as a rule inform on themselves," he said, "especially when it may mean the loss of the game."

"Kersburg fellows do," said Bicknell, proudly, "when they win, they win a fair game."

"Very well, fellows, Then it is *no* touch-

down; Kersburg penalized for slugging," and smiling, he walked away.

By this time the field was fairly well cleared, the players having retired to the side lines. Clark and his captain parted and walked to opposite sides of the field, Clark to the groups in blue. Anxiously peering about, he at last discovered Beals lying comfortably upon a pile of coats and sweaters, very white, but watching with boyish interest the antics of a peanut vender, in front of the bleachers. Stepping quickly to his side, Clark held out his hand, but on second thought withdrew it quickly. "Beals," he said, with a slight tremor in his voice, "Beals, I hit you, as you can't help but know. The touchdown is not to be counted though, and,—and I'm sorry, Beals, that I did what I did, real sorry."

The boy on the ground looked up and smiled, "Oh, that's all right," he said. "The doctor says there are no bones broken, and I feel better, now that I've got my wind back again. That blow would have done credit to a prize-fighter, old fellow. I didn't know anything about it, until it was all over. If you *did* make a mistake then, you've done the square thing to atone for it now," and he held out his hand. Then they shook. Five minutes later they parted good friends, Clark to take his regular place at right tackle, and Beals to remain where he was, watching the game, a new man going into the game in his place.

The teams lined up, the whistle blew and the second half was on. This time Wright kicked off to Campbell, of Hampton, who was tackled on his own forty yard line by Kelly. Ten minutes passed, neither side scoring, the ball being in Kersburg's territory most of the time. Five more minutes flew by, both teams working like beavers. Then the tide of battle changed, and Kersburg pushed on, with increased vigor, little by little, yet ever on. At last the ball reached Hampton's thirty-five yard

line. With but two minutes to play, the task seemed hopeless, but Kersburg, encouraged by the frantic cheers of her supporters, had determined to play the game, and to play it hard, to the finish. First down and the ball still on Hampton's thirty-five yard line! Captain Bicknell looked steadily at Clark till he caught his eye. That look meant more than words, and Clark understood. He had attempted to win the game by unfair means, had repented, and the chance had come to win again, this time by fair means or none.

Now, when even seconds counted, the crowd cheered madly. In the west, behind the Hampton goal, the hills half hiding it, shone the setting sun, resplendent with its gilded rays, soon to completely disappear. Now and then a flurry of snow swept down upon the crouching players, to be followed by another and yet another. A church bell, in the distance "pealed the knell of parting day." Gradually, as the full import of the few remaining minutes dawned upon them, the cries of the spectators were hushed, and only the clear voice of Bicknell, the Kersburg captain, rang out, over the silent field.

With one last glance at Clark he called out the signals, "b-14-31-104-3," and the ball was in his waiting hands, only to be passed to right half-back, Kelley, and at last to be snugly

clasped by Clark. Then the whole red line massed to the left, while Clark, with only Hoffrey to help him, rushed around right end. The line of blue was tricked and the path was fairly clear. The first man Hoffrey easily keeled over, he met the next and fell with, and upon him. Clark was alone! Between the Hampton goal and himself was but one opponent, and he must be passed. As he ran, three white lines flashed by him and he knew that the next marked the twenty yard line. From left and right he heard many shouts. Vaguely he knew they were cheers. But he heeded them not, and his breath came in gasps. A moment more and he would be upon that crouching, expectant, waiting figure! He was upon him! A feint dodge to the left, a last desperate spring to the right and he staggered, stumbled, regained his feet, and dashed on. Behind him he heard a dull, heavy thud. The arms in blue that might have clasped his knees had grasped wildly at the empty air. The player had misjudged the distance as he flung himself forward at the moment of Clark's dodging, and Clark was safe!

A moment later Clark had passed between the frowning goal-posts. Wright then kicked the goal. The whistle blew. Kersburg had won, had won fairly!

ARGO, '10.

A STORY OF THE SOUTH

AS usual, Mr. Wilkes was talking. He had just returned from a trip through the south and was of course anxious to display his knowledge of the negro question. And then, considering that he had been away from the club for two months, he felt that the club needed his enlightenment more than ever. He had often wondered how the club ever existed before he had consented to join it. For

the first two or three times he had been there, before he had gained courage to try to tell them all he knew, they had seemed to prefer to do nothing but smoke their pipes.

"Don't you think so, Reynolds," Wilkes asked one of the men as he paused in an endeavor to regain his breath?

"Yes, of course. What is it?" replied the person addressed as Reynolds, who, like the

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others, didn't have the least idea of what Wilkes was talking about.

Undismayed, Wilkes went on.

"I tell you, the negro is not even our social equal. He hasn't got the intellect the white man has. You can't tell me that a negro can get as much out of the Bible as I can. You can't tell me that a negro can enjoy the delights of the mind or can feel any passion as keenly as a white man can."

"What's that you said?" asked Reynolds.

Mr. Wilkes went through it again a little more elaborately.

"Wait a minute," said Reynolds, when Wilkes had finished, "I want to tell you something."

"You must hurry up," said Wilkes, rather put out by the interruption, "I want to finish what I'm saying."

"You don't appreciate my kindness in interrupting you once in a while, Wilkes," said Reynolds in an injured tone. "You need some one to interrupt you every three hours or so, Wilkes, so that you can get your breath, for heaven knows that's all you need for talking. And then, if no one interrupted you, you'd never stop."

Wilkes was too exasperated to reply to Reynolds' insolence, so Reynolds continued.

"I want to tell you fellows a story I heard from Walker. Walker knew the parties concerned and he told me that every word was true. What made me think of it was the way Wilkes was jumping on the negroes, for this story is about a negro."

"Well, you know how it is with a poor white family; one fellow gets the education while the others go to work to help him. It's the same way with the negro families of the south. Now the one who gets the education is usually the youngest, but in the family I'm going to tell you about he didn't happen to be. He had a brother and a sister older than himself and another brother younger, but he was the smartest one of the lot, and the choice

had fallen on him. His father died of consumption when he was about fourteen years old and his elder brother and sister were married soon afterwards. This left the burden of educating Jerome (I think that was his name) upon his mother and younger brother James.

"James, who was then twelve, was taken out of school and put to work, much to his enjoyment, for he had cordially hated his books. Jerome had just entered the negro high school and it took all his mother could earn to keep the boys in good clothes and pay the rent. His mother was optimistic, however, and things were going all right when she suddenly discovered that Jerome had consumption. The poor woman nearly broke down at first, but she managed to pull herself together, and began to work harder than ever. Nevertheless, Jerome managed to get through high school. He then weakened and had to take to his bed for a time. He was never able to do anything after that and became a hopeless invalid.

"There were expensive medicines to be bought, doctor's bills to be paid, and other expenses, so that his poor mother found it hard to make both ends meet. All Jerome could do was to sit and read and he found it pretty tiresome. He read the Bible most of the time because he said that was the only book he never tired of.

"Lord, child," his mother would say, when he was reading the Bible aloud to her, "you certainly would make a fine preacher."

"And Jerome could feel the lump rise in his throat when he realized that his dreams of Tuskegee or college would stay what they always had been—just dreams. And the lump would rise a little higher when he saw how tired and dragged out his mother was.

"How long is all this going to last, doctor?" he exclaimed one day. And the doctor replied:

"It's slow consumption and I'm afraid you may have to count on two or three years more."

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"No selfish thought prompted that question. He saw his mother and James working day and night, all just because he needed care and medicine and they cost money.

" 'You really ought to be getting some education, James,' Jerome would say.

" 'I don't want no education,' James would answer, with unpleasant memories of former school days.

" 'Well you need it, any way,' with a laugh.

" 'Yes,' his mother invariably broke in, 'you shouldn't say "don't want no education," that ain't correct; you should say—well, I do declare, what is it he ought to say, Jerome. You tell me every time and then I forget.'

"And she would force a laugh.

" 'Don't want any education,' corrected Jerome.

"Left to himself every day, Jerome would try to find some solution to the puzzling situation. His mother needed a rest in the worst way and James shouldn't be tied down to his home any longer. Finally he did think of a solution and he resolved to try it."

* * *

"When his mother dragged herself into the house that night she thought she had never felt so tired, but determined not to show it and cheerily called to Jerome in the next room:

" 'Well, honey, have you been very lonesome to-day? I meant to get home earlier to-night but I met Mrs. Meecher on the street and she is such a talker! Her boy's done got pneumonia and if that aint a shame, I don't

know what is. With all the trouble them Meechers have, too!'

"She got no reply and she hastened into the room where Jerome was. She took in the situation at a glance. A revolver lay on the floor beside the chair in which Jerome lay stretched out—dead. His mother staggered around the room not knowing what she was doing. She thought she would go mad. Her eyes were dry and her throat seemed parched. She felt if she could really cry it would be some relief. She bumped up against something and looked to see what it was. It was the table and on it lay Jerome's Bible. There was a piece of paper on the Bible with some writing on it. Mechanically she took the paper up and read as fast as her poor education would allow her.

" 'Greater love hath no man than this: that a man give up his life for his friend.'

"Then the tears came easily and she fell down in a heap at Jerome's feet sobbing and sobbing and sobbing."

* * *

"Three weeks later a funeral took place from that house. This was the second funeral that had taken place from there within a short time. And the darkey preacher used at the mother's funeral the same text he had used at the son's:

" 'Greater love hath no man than this: that a man give up his life for his friend.' "

The men were silent when Reynolds finished, even Wilkes was silent. They only knew Reynolds as a rough, blunt man, but his voice had shaken in telling that story in a way they had never heard it shake before.

H. S. N., '07.

"UNITY of choice," is not the phrase best suited to characterize the class elections this year. While the elections were not at all exciting, yet they were very stubborn.

In both the first and second classes two elections were necessary for a choice of student members of the Athletic Advisory Committee. Eventually Keenan, from Class I, and Murray, from Class II, were elected by small majorities.

The balloting for President was even closer.

On the first ballot, the votes were so evenly divided between five members of the class, that an election seemed hopeless. The second ballot was very much the same. Two of the candidates having withdrawn before the third ballot, a definite result was expected. Sanderson failed to be elected by one vote. The next day, after school, a fourth ballot was taken and Joseph Monteith Sanderson was elected Class President.

Although a number of candidates for Secretary appeared, Colville was elected on the third ballot.

LATIN SCHOOL REGISTER

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OCTOBER, 1906

THE four requisites for a Latin School boy surely ought to be of vital interest to us all. As set forth by Mr. Fiske in the hall, we heard them and were greatly impressed, but since we did not have sufficient time on that Monday morning to let our thoughts dwell on them, we have doubtless forgotten them.

"First, we must have earnestness." As Mr. Fiske said, the average boy does not seem to be in earnest, he rather appears to be lazy, but, those people *do not know boys*. The Latin School boy may or may not be the average boy, perhaps his standard is above the average, but universally, a boy who earnestly desires anything, will do an incredible amount of labor to win the object of his desire. The same people who think boys are lazy, say, "Yes, but the average boy seldom desires anything half so good, as scholarly success." In the Latin School he certainly does. A boy may *seem* frivolous and careless about his serious duties, but the boy who in his inmost heart does not really desire to get all the good he can from school, is the rare exception, *here*. The majority of the boys are in earnest, although they themselves may never have realized it, or even thought about it. If we keep it constantly in mind, that we are, after all, in earnest, it will help us over a good many difficulties.

Second, "we must have a broad point of view." Narrow-mindedness was the very thing which Burke decried most in the British Parliament. By it England lost America. Our ability to judge will always be an important factor, if not *the* important one, during our whole lives. One of the chief benefits of a classical education is its broadening effect on the mind. A thorough knowledge of the past is worth a great deal more than a widespread acquaintance with countless affairs of the day. The past alone enables us to judge of the present and fortell the future. It is already evident to all, that one of the greatest dangers of the Republic lies in the inability of an alarmingly large proportion of the citizens to discern a demagogue. The classics should teach us conservatism, not fanaticism. The fickle herd, who are like "reeds shaken in the wind," this way to-day, another tomorrow, are simply lacking in judgment. When too large a per cent. of the population of any country becomes thus fanatic, the country is invariably ruined. History, both ancient and modern, furnishes many sad examples of this. The widely conversant and well educated man has been grounded on unchanging principles, and being competent to judge, his opinions are respected.

"The third requisite is *accuracy*." It it were not for countless other things, commer-

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cialism alone would suffice to teach us what stress is laid on accuracy by the world. The Latin School is constantly drilling us in all branches of accuracy, even though we do not realize it. Precision of meaning in our translations, and exactness of form and expression in English, are all training in accuracy just as much as the most exact formulæ of mathematics. Accuracy is, more than many other qualities, a natural gift. Nevertheless, this pleasing and invaluable trait *can be cultivated* by those who were not fortunate enough to be brought into this mathematically exact universe with an abundant share of accuracy.

"Lastly, impatience with half-work is essential." This last qualification is, in a way, related to accuracy. In the years we spend here, we look up in lexica a vast number of words for translation. A definition of a word that will perhaps be passable, is *half-work*, not accuracy. Oftentimes we can guess at a meaning, but we feel impatient and uncomfortable about it and after we have guessed (for guessing is a most excellent practice), we look the word up, so that our knowledge may be exact, and not slovenly and hazy. Working hard enough to just pass, is not thorough, it is half-work. Half-way is not Latin School way, labor to know, perhaps, but since you will certainly forget a part of what you learn, labor really to *gain power*.

These four first principles for the Latin School boy would seem desirable in any one. If other schools were to apply them oftener, the school system would take a great step forward.



The class of 1907 has already won 77 honors at Harvard, although there were only 46 members of the class who took the examinations. This is a most remarkable performance. The class has taken less than half of its examinations and has already won more honors than many other classes have won in the preliminary and final examinations together. The class of 1906, 47 members, won 72 honors, 43 preliminary, and 29 final. The class of 1905, 61 members, won 56 honors in all. The honors of the class of 1907 were about equally divided between the classical and modern studies.

Greek	25 honors	Mathematics	25 honors
Latin	15 honors	French	8 honors
History	4 honors		

Classical	44 honors	Modern	35 honors
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Both the school and its friends should rejoice over this extraordinary honor fest. Let us all hope that the class of 1907 will duplicate its glorious performance this year, and bring back to our *Alma Mater* honors, as Homer says, "without number."

N O T E S

Populeis cantus, "ragtime."

Iamque opus exegi, "I had a good job and I left."

A conservative estimator says that we get 1440 "plums" per week in the Latin School. This is not the editorial "we"; we have help.

During the month, the school received a visit from Mr. Chadwick, for so many years the head of our Latin department.

At a meeting of the Boston Interscholastic Press Association, held October 5, I. G. O'Gorman was elected President, and H. S. Nelke was elected to the Advisory Board.

A T H L E T I C S

THE radical changes in the official rules of foot-ball, made at the end of last season, have been criticised all over the country. With the exception of a few hostile localities, the country in general seems to view the new rules with manifest favor. The athletic body of the Latin School, not being in a position to dictate foot-ball decisions *ex cathedra*, would naturally accept the decisions of the authorities, however distasteful they might be. We are very happy to say that the new rules are distasteful to us in no way whatever, and that we think the season, up to date, has shown them to be a most successful and beneficial reform. For those who are deeply interested in the matter, a very scholarly article by Mr. Reid of Harvard was published in the *Harvard Illustrated Magazine* for October.

The Latin School organization this year is stronger than the most optimistic enthusiast could have expected. Eight of the most valuable men of last year's team are still in the school, besides a large number of new candidates, including some of the best athletic ability of the school. A very pleasant thing to note is the number of players from the lower classes, since, in former years, the players to a greater or less degree have come from the first and second classes. Dr. Maguire, ex-'97, has been retained as coach and promises to make the most of his splendid material. Judging from results of previous years, this promise seems most likely to be fulfilled. With such a brilliant outlook and the season so successful up to date, the school does not need much urging to support the team, but rather the team needs to be careful about itself, that our hopes may not be blighted by probations, censures, or any unpleasant relations with outside schools.

The schedule :

November 3. Bridgewater Normal at Bridgewater.

November 9. Newton High at Newton.

November 20. Mechanic Arts High.

November 24. South Boston High.

Thanksgiving Day. English High School, American League Grounds.

On September 29 the Latin School played and lost her first game to Groton on a safety. The Groton backfield was poor and proved useless against our line. Although the Latin School played a good all-round game and did some excellent punting, a score failed to materialize, and Groton remained the contented victor by a score of 2 to 0.

On October 6 the Latin School defeated Medford High. Our team played well and long end runs by Sweetser proved very exciting features of the game. Score, 6-0.

On October 13 the Latin School easily defeated Salem High in a game which was too one-sided to be interesting. The score was 22-0.

On October 16 the Latin School won an easy victory from the Cambridge Latin School. It was a pleasant exhibition of clean and well-played foot-ball. The score was 24-0.

On October 20 we defeated Lawrence High by a score of 12-4. The Latin School considerably outweighed the Lawrence High team.

TENNIS.

THE fall tennis tournament received hearty support from the school this year. There were thirty-four entries, and one of the most pleasing features of the tournament is that nearly every class in the school is represented. The playing off of the matches proved surprising in many cases.

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M I L I T A R Y

*“Leges cedunt armis” sed
Nunc arma cedunt legibus*

WHEN the first class voluntarily divided itself into drillers and non-drillers, the drillers seemed to have the advantage in numbers, there being thirty of them to twenty non-drillers. After matters were more settled, the non-drillers received an additional contingent of six, making the divisions equal. Although the tempting offer of a lieutenantcy was held out at large to the non-drillers, no one accepted. This is a most extraordinary occurrence in the Latin School; a parallel case has hardly been heard of *in memoria hominum*.

In spite of this very unusual dearth of numbers, the military situation looks very favorable this year. The confusion occasioned by the sudden change in the manual of arms two years ago has completely worn off, and the greater part of the school hardly knows that the old manual ever existed.

The captains have their respective companies well rounded into form and Colonel Benyon prophesies that the Latin School will entirely satisfy the most particular military tastes this year, as it has always done heretofore. The officers anticipate very pleasant relations with the drilling body of the school, and with the healthy sentiment now prevalent throughout the school at large, the drill is sure to prove very beneficial to all.

The roster is not permanent as yet, owing to the resignation of several of the officers, but its probable form will be:

Company A. Captain, J. L. Keenan; Lieutenants, T. J. Lane, Jr.* and E. W. Supple.

Company B. Captain, W. T. A. O'Brien; Lieutenants, J. H. Keyes and H. G. Meserve.

Company C. Captain, W. J. Bloom; Lieutenants, N. Baldwin and H. A. Murch.

Company D. Captain, F. G. Duffy; Lieutenants, J. W. Churchward and D. P. Colville.

Company E. Captain, H. P. Griffin; Lieutenants, J. G. Downing and J. J. McClellan.

Company F. Captain, A. N. Wyzanski; Lieutenants, J. W. Finkel and L. G. Horne.

Company G. Captain A. Feinberg; Lieutenant, S. P. Holland.†

Company H. Captain, E. C. Baker; Lieutenants, G. E. Hodge and G. D. Howie. Quartermaster, C. A. Dunham.

* The lieutenants are arranged alphabetically for convenience.

† One lieutenant unappointed.

Theodore F. Jones, B. L. S. 1902, Harvard 1906, (highest honors in history) has received the Dillaway Fellowship in History from Harvard University for the coming year, and will study at the *Ecole des Sciences Politiques*, in Paris. He will also serve as secretary to Professor Coolidge, the Harvard lecturer at the Sorbonne.

E. O. Fitch, ex-'01, has just received an appointment to Massachusetts Institute of Technology from Annapolis. Fitch has attained the highest honors ever given to a Massa-

chusetts boy; besides ranking first in scholarship, he was president of his class and cadet commander.

The REGISTER wishes to correct an error made in last month's issue. The story entitled "A Dream of Fair Olympus" was signed "S. C. C., ex-'07." The initials should have been S. C. S., standing for Stanley Cate Smith, Latin School ex-'07, at present a member of the first class in the Roxbury Latin School.

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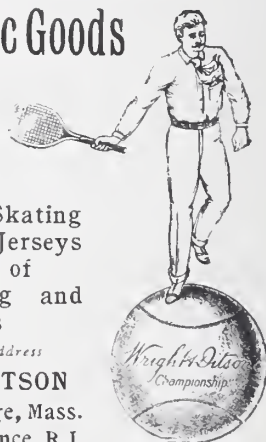
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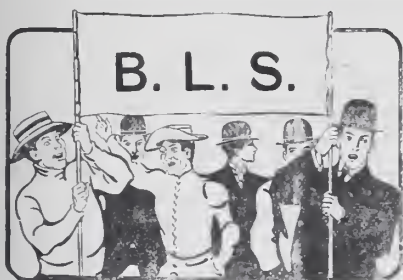
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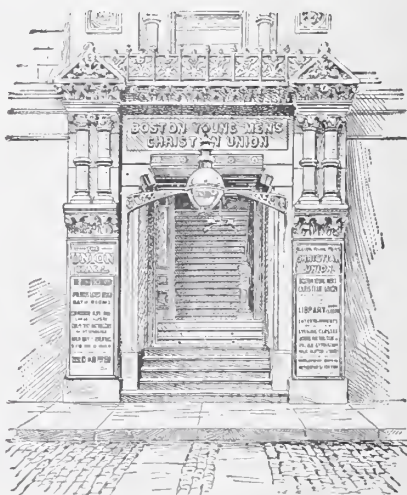
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